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**The Standard song
book**

Stoke-upon-Trent

[18--]

Reel: 40 Title: 1

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Master Negative Storage Number: **OC100040.01**

Control Number: **ADG-3622**

OCLC Number : **27690803**

Call Number : **W PN970.E5 STANSx**

Title : **The Standard song book : containing a choice selection of
all the popular songs of the day.**

Imprint : **Stoke-upon-Trent : J. Phillips, [18--]**

Format : **16 p. ; 20 cm.**

Note : **Cover title.**

Note : **"No. 1"**

Note : **Without music.**

Subject : **Chapbooks, English.**

Added Entry : **Phillips, J.**

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Film Size: **35mm microfilm**

Image Placement: **IIB**

Reduction Ratio: **8:1**

Date filming began: **9-1-94**

Camera Operator: **CS**

THE STANDARD SONG BOOK

Containing a choice selection of all the popular
Songs of the Day.

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There's room enough for all.
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When the wind blows,
When I played those tricks so
charming.
You'll Remember Me.
Yes, I have dared to love thee.
Ye free-born Sons.

NEWCASTLE: [under Lymce]

T. BAYLEY, 19, HIGH STREET.

There's room enough for all.

(Music to be had t Mr. Davidson's.)

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?

Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide, in lands beside,
There's room enough for all.

What, if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour!
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where ev'ry brawny hand that tries
Its strength can get a living.

Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide, where those abide,
There's room enough for all.

From poison'd air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys;
Where ev'ry hand that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance;
And every furrow of the plough
A step to independence.

Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd den,
And lodging cramp'd and small,
The world is wide, in lands beside,
There's room enough for all.

In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment!
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with each other?
Why need we in this crowd of life
Keep trampling on each other?

Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide, where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

Speak of a man as you find him.

(Music—at May's.)

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, let's remind him,
That from vice there are none of us free.

If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honours
now.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say,
If he's frail, then a kind word will bind him
When coldness would turn him away.

For the heart must be barren indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom,
Then pause ere you cause it to bleed;
On a smile, or a frown, hangs there doom.

The Englishman.

(Music at Cramer and Co's.)

There's a land that bears a well-known name
Tho' tis but a little spot;
'Tis first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not.

Of the deathless ones who shine and live,
In arms, in heart, and song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give
To that little land belong.

'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can
The highland home of an Englishman.
'Tis the star of the earth, &c.

There's a flag that waves o'er ev'ry sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but free,
Is more than the strongest dare.

For the lion spirits that tread the deck,
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And the flag may sink with a shot torn
wreck.
But never float o'er a slave.

Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true-born Englishman.
Its honour is stainless, &c.

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The Briton may traverse the pole or zone
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.

Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow,
While he tells of his native earth.

'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words, "I'm an
Englishman."

Its a glorious charter, &c.

Newfoundland Dog.

YET deeper and deeper, and wilder he
night,

I would morn were with us, and brought
its glad light!

For my spirits they sink, so unhearthly
the shade,

I could fancy almost that my heart were
afraid.

Good heavens, that cry! more keen than
the sword,

How it thrills in my ear, "A Child
overboard!"

Oh, Neptune! what Neptune—come hither
to me;

There, you see him, I know, tho' I can-
not see.

Hark! hark to that, boy, good fellow away!
You need not to track him the eye of the
day.

He's gone at the word—how the squall
comes down,

And the water's blacker grown at Heaven's
angry frown;

Hush! hark! somethings seems in the
gleams of the sky floating nigh.

Mark! all is dark.

Ha, good dog, do I see thee again?

Heaven's will be done, still for ever-amen.

Quick, a light! ah, he breathes not—come
hither.

So cold,—such sweetness to wither,

Ah! he murmurs, dear child—

His blue eyes are opening—their gaze it is
wild.

Brave Neptune, good fellow! thou art gal-
lant and true,

Was ever companion so faithful as you.

The Irish Emigrant.

(Music—at Chappell and Co's.)

I'M sitting on the stile Mary, where we
sat side by side,

On a bright May morning long ago when
first you where my bride,

The corn was springing fresh and green,
and the lark sung loud and high,

And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the
love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day
as bright as then,

The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the
corn is green again,

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and
thy warm breath on my cheek,

And I still keep listening for the words you
never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, the
village church stands near—

The church where we were wed, Mary, I
see the spire from here:

But the grave-yard lies between, Mary, and
my step might break your rest,

Where I've laid you, darling; down to sleep
with your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor
makes no new friends,

But oh, they love the better the few our
Father sends,

And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing
and my pride,

There's nothing left to care for now, since
my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary
kind and true,

But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land
I'm going to.

They say there's bread and work for all,
and the sun shines always there,

But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it
fifty times as fair.

The Chieftain's Daughter.

(Music—at Mr. Davidson's.)

Upon the barren sand, a single captive
stood;

Around him came, with bow and brand,
the Red Men of the wood:

Like him of old, his doom he hears,
rebound on ocean's rim—

The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears, and
breath'd a prayer for him.

Above his head in air, the savage war-club
swung;—

The frantic girl, in wild despair, her arms
about him flung.

Then shook the warriors of the shade,
like leaves on aspen limb—

Subdued by that heroic maid, who breath'd
a prayer for him!

Unbind him,' gasp'd the chief,—'it is your
king's decree!'

He kiss'd away her tears of grief, and set
the captive free.

'Tis ever thus when, in life's storm, hope's
star to man grow dim:

An angel kneels in woman's form, and
breathes a prayer for him.!

Auld Langsyne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days o' langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear;

For auld langsyne;

We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,

And pu'd the gowans fine;

But we've wandered mony a weary fit

Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn,
When simmer days were prime;

But sea's between us braid hae roar'd

Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,

As sure as I'll be mine,

And we'll tak a right gude williewaught

For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

And there's hand, my trusty feire,

And gie's a hand o' thine,

And we'll toom the stoup to friendship's
growth,

And auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

Bold Robin Hood.

Bold Robin Hood was a forester good,

As ever drew bow in the merry green wood;

For the bugle's shrill ringing,

The echoes, the echoes, are singing!

The wild deer, the wild deer are springing
from many a wood!

The summons we'll follow, we'll follow,

Through brake and over hollow,

We'll follow the summons of bold Robin
Hood,

We'll follow the summons of bold Robin
Hood.

Here is a gay friar, as good as heart can
desire,

Who absolves all your sins as the case
may require;

Who with courage so stout knocks his oak
stick about,

And he puts to rout all the foes of his squire.
Bold Robin Hood, &c.

What eye hath e'er seen such a sweet
maiden queen,

As Mary, the pride of the forester green;

The sweet garden flower that blooms in
the bower,

Where alone to this hour the wild rose hath
been.

We hail her in duty, the queen of all beauty.

We'll live and we'll die by our sweet
maiden queen!

Highland Mary.

Ye banks and braes and streams around

The castle o' Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your flowers

Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfaulds her robes,

And there they longest tarry;

For there I took my last fareweel

O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom!

As underneath their fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours on angel wings

Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me, as light and life,

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursel's asunder;
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early;
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That boat that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

Buffalo Gals.

As I was walking down de street,
 Down de street, down de street.
 A beauty gal I chanced to meet,
 Lubly as morning dew.

Buffalo gals can't you come out to-night,
 Can't you come out to-night, can't you come
 out to-night,

Buffalo gals can't you come out to-night,
 And dance by the light of de moon.

I said, My angel, will you dance,
 Will you dance, will you dance,
 Quadrille or Polka fresh from France,
 Dey're all alike to me.

Buffalo gals, &c.

Oh I will lub you all my life,
 All my life, all my life:
 And you shall be my happy wife,
 If you will marry me.

Buffalo Girls, &c.

Lucy Neal.

I was born in Alabama, my massa's name
 was Deale;
 He used to own a yallow gal, her name was
 Lucy Neal.
 I used to go out wid her, to pick cotton in
 a field,
 Oh, dere I first did fall in lub wid pretty
 Lucy Neal.

Oh, poor Lucy Neal, dear Miss Lucy
 Neal;

If I had you by my side, how happy I
 should feel.

I asked Miss Lucy would she have me—
 how glad she made me feel,
 When she gib me her hand and heart, ah!
 pretty Lucy Neal.
 And whende niggers gabe a ball, Miss
 Lucy danced a reel;
 But none was dere dat could compare wid
 my sweet Lucy Neal.
 Oh, poor Lncy Neal, &c.

My massa he did sell me, because he
 thought I'd steal;
 Which caused a separation ob myself and
 Lucy Neal.
 My boat it was a pine log, widout a rudder
 or a keel;
 I floated down de river, crying for my Lucy
 Neal.

Miss Lucy she was taken sick, through
 eating corn and meal;
 De doctors dey did gib her up—oh, poor
 Miss Lucy Neal!
 One day I got a letter, and jet black was
 de seal;
 It was de 'nouncement ob de death ob my
 my poor Lucy Neal.

The Gipsy Band.

List to the lay of a gipsy band,
 Merrily roaming from land to land,
 Free as the lark's fleet wings above,
 Fearing no hate, nor courting love,
 We borrow from all, yet none we owe,
 Laughing at care where'er we go,
 The fattest dear in park or wood
 Of knight or peer, supplies us food,
 Our drink the best, though contraband,
 Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The townsman may boast that one home
 hath he,
 But we have a hundred all rent free;
 Nothing we pay for coals or clothes,
 Yet we've a fire where edge-wood grows;
 The rich man's larder have no better fare,
 Dainties of brook, of earth, and air.
 In our abodes we do not writhe,
 Beneath a load of tax or tithe,
 No care in head, no coin in hand,
 Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The wealthy may boast of their stately halls
Streaming light from pictured walls,
Of moulded ceilings, gilded domes,
Flower'd carpets o'er their rooms;
But we are rich as they below (aloft),
The grass our floor, the sky our roof,
The bonny rays of yonder moon
Can match the blaze of their gay saloon,
We've healthier cheeks, although they're
tann'd,
Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The Slave.

I had a dream, a happy dream;—
I thought that I was free:
That in my own bright land again
A home there was for me.
Savannah's tides dash bravely on,
I saw wave roll o'er wave;
But when in full delight I woke,
I found myself a Slave.

I never knew a mother's love,
Yet happy were my days,
For by my own dear father's side
I sang my simple lays.
He died—and heartless strangers came,
Ere closed o'er him the grave;
They tore me weeping from his side,
And claimed me as their Slave.

And this was in a Christian land,
Where men oft kneel and pray—
The vaunted land of liberty,
Where lash and chain hold sway
O, give me back my Georgian cot—
It is not wealth I crave;
O, let me live in freedom's light,
Or die, if still a Slave.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

(Music—at Duff and Co's.)

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine;
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath,
Rouse me from slumber to wreck and death.

In the ocean-cave, still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

The Boys of Kilkenny.

(Music—at Lonsdale's.)

The boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring
blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little
maids,
They'll kiss 'em, and coax 'em, and spend
their money free,
For of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny
for me.
Fal de ral, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a
clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a
fair dame;
Her lips are like roses, her mouth much
the same,
Like a dish of sweet strawberries smother'd
in cream.
Fal de ral, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large
coal,
Which through my poor bosom have burnt
a big hole,
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and
pure,
But her heart is more hard than is marble
I'm sure.
Fal de ral, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where
it stands,
And the more I think on it the more my
heart warms,
For if I was in Kilkenny I'd think myself
at home,
For 'tis there I get sweethearts, but here I
get none.
Fal de ral, &c.

The Arethusa.

Come, all you jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold—

Huzza to the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
Her men are stanch to their favourite
launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.

Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Pool straight ahead did lie
The Arethusa seem'd to fly;

Not a sheet or a tack, or a brace did she
slack,
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd, and though
it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men how
tough
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck, five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France!
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, ho!
The Frenchmen they cried out, hallo!
Bear down, d'ye see, to our admiral's lee.
No, no, says the Frenchmen, that can't be:
Then I must lug you along with me,
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
We forced them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.

And, now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,

Let each fill a glass to his favourite lass!
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belongs to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

Merry England O!

(Air—"Kelvin Grove.")

Oh! there's not a spot on earth,

Merry England, O!

Like the land that gave me birth,

Merry England, O!

In my days of boyhood free,

Thou wert all the world to me,

And I loved thy storm-clad sea,

Merry England, O!

Let us wander where we will,

Merry England, O!

We shall miss thy blessings still,

Merry England, O!

In thy smiling hearths that blaze,

In the home of early days,

And the welcome love displays,

Merry England, O!

Thou hast golden spells for me,

Merry England, O!

And I love thy spirit free,

Merry England, O!

Thou that cradled'st all my ties,

Both on earth and in the skies,

Thou art fairest in my eyes,

Merry England, O!

But there's one that lonely sleeps,

Merry England, O!

Where the eye of kindred weeps,

Merry England, O!

He was noble, young, and brave,

And he fills a hero's grave,

Where thy laurels proudly wave,

Merry England, O!

The Smuggler King.

There's a brave little bark, stealing out in
the dark,

From his nest in the bustling bay,

The fresh breezes meet her dingy sheets,

And swiftly she glides away.

She never must run in the eyes of the sun,

But like the owl take wing:

She must keep her flight from the moonlit
night,

For she carries the Smuggler King.

A monarch is he, as bold as can be,
Of a proud and daring band,
The bullet and blast may go whistling past,
But he quails neither heart nor hand,
He lives and he dies on his fearful prize,
Like a hunted wolf he'll spring;
With trigger and dirk to the deadliest work,
And he'll fight like a Smuggler King.

Then back from the wave, to his home in
the cave,
By the sheen of the torches glare;
He reigns the lords of the freebooters board,
And never was costlier fare.
Right firm, and true, are the hearts of his
crew,
There's faith in the shouts that ring,
As they stave the cask and drain the flask,
And drink to the Smuggler King.

The Scarlet Flower.

She's gentle as the zephyr,
That sips of every sweet,
She's fairer than the fairest lily
In nature's soft retreat.
Her eyes are like the crystal brook,
As bright and clear to see,
Her lips outshine the Scarlet Flower
Of bonny Ellersile.

Oh, where my love a blossom,
When summer skies depart,
I'd plant her in my bosom,
Her garden, here, my heart;
And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips,
So beautiful to see,
That far outshines the Scarlet Flower
Of bonny Ellersile.

Might I be King o' Scotland's throne,
And a' the world beside
Right glad I'd give my crown to her,
That lovely maid, my bride;
The gate of heaven is at her lip,
Denied, alas! to me—
That lip which shames the Scarlet Flower
Of bonny Ellersile.

My Poor Dog Tray.

(Music—at Wybrow's.)

On the green banks of Shannon when She-
lah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray

When, at last, I was forced from my She-
lah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her
heart.)
Oh! remember your Shelah when far, far
away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor
dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be
sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I
was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heart-
less away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night
was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary
and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of
gray,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor
dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remem-
bered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's
day,
And I played a lament for my poor dog
Tray.

Where now shall I go? poor, forsaken, and
blind!
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and
kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far
away,
I can ne'er more return with my poor
dog Tray.

The Bonny English Rose.

Old England's emblem is the rose
 There is no other flower
 Hath half the beauties that adorn
 This beauty of the bower.
 And England's daughters are as fair
 As any bud that blows—
 What son of hers who has not loved
 Some bonny English rose?

Who hath not heard of one sweet flower,
 The first among the fair,
 For whose welfare each British heart
 Breathes forth a fervant prayer?
 Oh! may it never be her lot
 To lose that sweet repose—
 That peace of mind which—blesses now
 The bonny English rose.

If any bold enough there be
 To war 'gainst England's isle,
 They soon shall find, for British hearts,
 What charms hath woman's smile!
 Thus nerved, the thunder of their arms
 Would teach aspiring foes,
 How vain the power that defies
 The bonny English Rose.

Now heaven's decreed her to the throne,
 'Twill be the nation's prayer,
 That in each joy she yet hath known,
 Her heart may ever share;
 That health may long light up her brow,
 And, as time onward flows,
 It still may be our pride to sing—
 "The bonny English Rose."

Beneath her sway may every land,
 Where she dominion holds,
 Be happy as this glorious Isle,
 Where Freedom's flag unfolds.
 From sea to shore, from shore to sea,
 The song of gladness flows;
 And, oh! may Heaven for ever bless
 The bonny English Rose.

Dame Durden.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls,
 To carry the milking pail;
 She also kept five labouring men,
 To use the spade and flail.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate,
 and Dorothy Draggletail,
 And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack,
 and Humphery with his flail,
 'Twas John kiss'd Molly, and Dick kiss'd
 Betty,
 And Joe kiss'd Dolly, and Jack kiss'd Kitty
 And Humphery with his flail kiss'd
 Dorothy Draggletail,
 And Kitty was a charming girl to carry
 the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
 She did begin to call
 To rouse her servants, maids and men,
 She then began to bawl.
 'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
 The birds began to prate,
 Dame Durden's servants maids and men,
 They all began to mate.

The Bay of Biscay O!

(Music—at Z. T. Purday's.)

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder!
 The rain a deluge showers!
 The clouds were rent assunder
 By the lightning's vivid powers,
 The night, both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day, there she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now, dashed upon the billow,
 Her op'ning timbers creak;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak!
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky;
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved the bitter sigh;
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Her yeilding timbers se'er,
 Her pitchy seams are rent;
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent.
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers;
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O.

The Moon is on the Waters.

When the moon is on the waters,
 I will hasten love to thee;
 Of all earth's fairest daughters
 Thou the dearest art to me.
 Though rude winds may ruffle the ocean,
 Still my bark shall tempt the sea,
 And in strains of pure devotion,
 I will sing love songs to thee.

When my star of hope was waning,
 There was one, but one heart true,
 And which shared without complaining,
 All the charms my bosom knew,
 It was thine my gentle Mary,
 Thou wert all the world to me,
 And however fortune vary
 I will still be true to thee.

Thou was dear to me in childhood,
 When the rosebud on its tree,
 As it blossomed in the wild wood,
 Was an emblem, love, of thee.
 In thy youth thou wert still dearer—
 With the dawn of reason came,
 Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,
 Though they bore not yet love's name.

But thy womanhood unfolding,
 Won the secret from my heart,
 And my life was in thy holding,
 For 'twas death from thee to part.
 I have loved thee, gentle Mary,
 I have loved through the past,
 And however fortune vary,
 I will love thee to the last.

My Nannie, O.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang muirs and masses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

Tho' westlin winds blaw loud and shrill,
 And it's baith mirk and rainy, O,
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charmin' sweet, and young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O,
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O.
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O,
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
 My riches a' 's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O,
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' 'bout Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O,
 But I'm as blithe that hauds his plough,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come well, come woe, I carena by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O,
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

Maids of Merry England.

TUNE—"Merry Bells of England."

Oh, the maids of merry England, so beau-
 tiful and fair,
 With eyes like diamonds sparkling, and
 richly flowing hair—
 Their hearts are light and cheerful, and
 their spirits ever gay,
 The maids of merry England, how beau-
 tiful are they.

They are like the lovely flowers in sum-
 mer time that bloom
 On the sportive breeze, shedding their
 choice and sweet perfume,
 Our eyes and hearts delighting with their
 varied aray,
 The merry maids of England, how beau-
 tiful are they.

They smile when we are happy, when we
are sad they sigh—
When anguish wrings our bosoms, the tear
they gently dry,
Oh, happy is the nation that owns their
tender sway,
The maids of merry England, how beau-
tiful are they.

'Then ever like true patriots may we join
both heart and hand,
To protect the lovely maidens of this our
father land;
And that Heaven may ever bless them we
all devoutly pray,—
Oh, the merry maids of England how beau-
tiful are they.

Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home:
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us
there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er
met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in
vain;
Oh give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again
The birds singing gaily that come to my
call,
Give me them, with that peace of mind
dearer than all.

Home, home, &c.

Jenny Jones.

(Music—at Cramer's.)

My name's Edward Morgan, I live at
Llangollen,
From the vale of St. Taff—the flower of
North Wales;
My father and mother, too, live at Llan-
gollen,
Good truth, I was born in the sweetest
of vales.
Yes, indeed, and all countries so foreign
and beautiful;

That little valley I prize far above;
For, indeed, in my heart I do love that
Llangollen,
And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth do
I love.

For twenty long years I have plough'd the
salt ocean,
And serv'd my full time in a man-o-war
ship;

And, 'deed, goodness knows, we had dread-
ful engagements,
And many a dark storm in the pitiless
deep.

And I've seen all the lands that are famous
in story,

And many fair damsels to gain me have
strove;

But I said in my heart, I do love that
Llangollen,

And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I
do love

I've sen good King George, and the Lord
Mayor of London,
With kings of far countries, and many a
queen:

The great Pope of Rome, and the Duchess
of Angoulême,

Up from King George to Sir Watkin
I've seen.

But, no, not princesses, kings dukes, or
commissioners,—

No, (goodness knows it,) my envy could
move;

For, indeed, in my heart, I do love that
Llangollen,

And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I
do love.

I parted a lad from the vale of my fa-
thers,

And left Jenny Jones then a buxom
young lass;

But now I'm return'd a storm-beaten old
mariner,

Jenny, from Jones, into Morgan shall
pass.

And we'll live on our cheese and our ale in
contentment,

And long through our dear native valley
will rove;

For, indeed, in our hearts we both love
that Llangollen,

And sweet Jenny Morgan with truth will
I love.

The Down-hill of Life.

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm
declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for re-
clining,

And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony, to pace o'er the
lawn,

While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails
the dawn,

Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter
and shade, too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail;

With a small spot of ground for the use of
the spade, too,

And a barn for the use of the flail,

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,

And a purse when a friend wants to borrow

I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,

Or what honours may wait him to-morrow

From the bleak northern blast may my cot
be completely

Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;

And at night may repose steal upon me more
sweetly,

By the sound of a murmuring rill;

And while peace and plenty I find at my
board,

With a heart free from sickness and sorrow

With my friends will I share what to-day
may afford,

And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw of this frail
cov'ring,

Which I've worn for threescore years and
ten,

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to
keep hov'ring,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;

But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,

And with smiles count each wrinkle and
furrow,

As this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-
bare to-day,

May become everlasting to-morrow.

My Boyhood's Love.

My boyhood's love enchanting theme,
I could for ever on it dwell;
While cheering hope with radiant beam
A happy future now doth foretell.
My boyhood, &c.

And as the rising sun
Makes glad heavens above,
So doth she cheer my heart
By her fond truth and love.
My boyhood, &c.

While cheering hope with radiant beam
A happy future doth foretell,
My boyhood's love enchanting theme,
I could for ever on it dwell.
My boyhood, &c.

My Charming Rosalie.

Forget thee! no, my Rosalie,
I never can forget
Those hours so sweet to memory,
When we were children yet.
When hand and heart together wove,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
We lov'd, unknowing what was love,
My charming Rosalie.
When hand and heart, &c.

Forget thee! no, my Rosalie,
'Tis not my faith to prove;
Thou mak'st this fond reproach to me,
'Tis but a wile of love!
Thy woman's heart such doubt disowns,
Thou know'st it cannot be;
I would not for a thousand thrones
Forget thee! no, my Rosalie!

A Maiden sought the Dewy Grove.

A maiden sought the dewy grove,
When morn woke earth to joy;
Her recent path, there then pursued
A brave young hunter boy.

When in the grove, the youth enquir'd
"Sweet maid, what dost thou there?"
She answered straight "to gather wood
I to the wood rep air."

He said "ah, let the branch uncull'd
Beside its parent lie;
I would taste thy ruby lip,
And smile into thine eye."

"Go, leave me!" cried the laughing maid,
"These eyes are liquid blue,
The hunter's badge is green or grey,
Then green grey eyes for you!"

"O cunning scholar," answer'd he,
Your reas'ning holds not true,
Dost see where now yon bird I shoot,
Is not that heaven blue?

"But let me win thy dainty kiss,
And laugh into these eyes;
They, too, afford a heav'nly bliss,
A nearer paradise."

"Then kiss and smile, if both thou wilt,
But kiss and smile with truth;
Nor darken with dishonor's cloud,
The pure bright heav'n of youth."

Down among the dead men.

(Music—at Ransford's.)

Here's a health to the queen, and a lasting
peace,
To faction and end, to wealth increase;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In which celestial joys are found;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless, woman-hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

Happy days of Childhood.

I've wander'd oft in childhood,
With playmates blithe and gay,
O'er flow'ry mead and meadow,
And gather'd sweets of May;
We've sported 'neath the elm-tree,
That grew beside our cot;—
Oh, the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

How well I can remember
The sports we us'd to play,—
So dear are they to memory,
It seems but yesterday;
And oft I sport in fancy
Within the self-same spot;—
Oh, the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

And oft-times in my slumber,
Methinks that I am near
Those ever fond belov'd ones,
In childhood's home so dear;
But, waking from my slumber,
How chang'd I find my lot:—
Oh, the days of happy childhood
Can never be forgot.

Then bless the steps of childhood,
And let their sports be gay,
That they, at least in memory,
May live to bless the day
When they were blithe and happy,
In palace or in cot;—
Oh! the days of happy childhood
Can never be forgot.

Child of the Sun.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

Child of the sun, unhappy slave,
Thy spirit must not dare
To gaze on charms that Nature gave
So wonderfully fair!
With soul that is denied the free,
To feel, to weep, to sigh,
The only privilege would be
To worship, and to die.

Dark is thy hue, as that of night,
And yet with softened ray
There beams from Heav'n itself a light
To waken night to day;
Thus, if the light so lov'd by thee,
Were only gleaming now,
How blest the privilege would be
To worship, and to die.

I love the gentle moonlight.

I love the gentle moonlight,
When its silver steps are seen,
With the village lads and lasses,
Gaily dancing on the green;
With their faces full of pleasure,
And their hearts from sorrow free,
To the merry music's measure;
Oh, the gentle moon for me.

I love the gentle moonlight,
When it smiles upon the flower,
Like a mother o'er her first-born,
Sleeping in its cradle-bower!
There is glory in the sunset,
When it sinks beneath the sea:
But the moonlight is so lovely;
Oh, the gentle moon for me.

Castle and the Cottage.

On yon mountain frowns a castle,
Wreath'd with gold its portals shrine;
In yon valley smiles a cottage,
Roses sweet its porch entwine,
Wealth and pride dwell in those turrets,
Humble hearts the cottage rove,
Strife and hate are in the castle,
In the cottage peace and love.

Silken floors adorn that castle,
Banner decks its topmost tower;
Sand of snow bestrews the cottage,
And its lattice many a flower,
Other hearts seek in that castle,
Pomp with anguish interwove,
Mine the poor and humble cottage,
Richer far in peace and love!

My hearts on the Rhine.

My hearts on the Rhine, my dear native
land,
My hearts on the Rhine, where my lov'd
cot doth stand,
Where the light hours of youth pass'd so
joyous away,
And my heart bounded lightly through each
golden day.

Oh, sweet was the phantom of life's early
dreams,
The mountain, the valley, the flowers, the
streams,
And though far I may roam, round my heart
they entwine,
My heart, my heart, oh' my heart's on the
Rhine.

Oh, sweet was each morn, when by zephyr
carress'd,
The birds and the flowers arose from their
rest,
And the bright sun-beams danc'd o'er each
fountain and spray,
And nature rejoiced in each fresh coming
day,
Oh, land of my youth still for thee I repine
Though far away I may roam my heart, oh,
my heart's on the Rhine.

Farewell, I cannot think of thee.

Farewell, I cannot think of thee,
And check the fallen tear;
From love henceforth my heart I'll free,
With every doubt and fear.
I weep not at the wreaking wind,
Nor dread the stormy sea,
Though both may prove untrue, unkind,
They are not so false as thee.

The sea runs high—the ship dips low,
The wild waves overwhelm,
The crew are lash'd above—below,
The helmsman to the helm,
Rage on, rage on, thou wreaking wind!
Roll on thou stormy sea!
Ye cannot be more false, unkind,
Than love hath been to me.

The Sailor's Home.

When riding on the mountain wave
The dauntless sailor ever brave
A noble mind displays:
He laughs at danger, smiles on fate,
And risks his life to save his mate,
Nor selfish fear betrays;
For well he knows, whate'er his doom,
The ocean is the sailor's home.
And when on shore, 'mid needy friends,
His generous soul its succour lends,
To cheer their hapless lot;

When call'd from pleasures luring train
To brave the hardships of the main,
He flies and murmurs not.

For well he knows, &c.

In fight where death terrific sways,
The sailor cheerfully obeys,
Where'er by duty called;
Tho' round him wounded messmates lie,
And tears of pity dim his eye,
He never stands appall'd.

For well he knows, &c.

Ye free-born sons.

Ye free-born sons Britannia's boast,
Firm as your rocks surrounded coast;
Ye sov'reigns of the sea;
On every shore where salt tides roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wondering fame,
The lads that would be free.

Mistake me not my hearts of oak,
I scorn with liberty to joke,

Ye sov'reigns of the sea;
Assist, uphold your church and state,
Your great men good, your good men great,
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
And jolly join in factions spite,
Then, then, my friends you're free!

You'll Remember Me.

When other lips and other hearts,
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language where excess imparts,
The power they feel so well.
There may, perhaps, in such a scene
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
Then you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes.
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask,
That you'll remember me.

Yes, I have dared to love thee

Yes, I have dared to love thee,

Cold and senseless though I seem,
And sweet have been the phantasies
Of this, my heart's first dream.

The sun does not a brighter beam
On all creation pour,
Than that which now lights up the mind
Where all was dark before.

Alike he shines on hill and dale,
On valley, mount, and sea;
And as he is to one of these,
Thou'rt ever that to me.

'Twas not thy beauty that enthral'd,
And yet thy form is fair;
The painters eye would love to dwell
On all the graces there.

It was thy mental loveliness
That bound my soul to thine;
And made me dream of happiness,
Oh, can it e'er be mine.

Thy magic tones have lured me,
Into paths before untrod,
And led my wondering spirits back,
A captive to its God.

Yes, still this lonely heart must love,
Even I knew not how well,
Until the blight of sickness
On thy youthful beauty fell.

I thought 'twas admiration,
And esteem I felt before,
But then I knew I loved, still loved,
And in that hour I loved thee more.

Then chide me not, if I confess
My heart's no longer free!
Thou hast made me love thee, lovely,
Then can I help loving thee.

When the wind blows.

When the wind blows,
Then the mill goes,
Our hearts are light and merry;
When the wind drops,
Then the mill stops,
We drink and sing hey downderry.

When I played those tricks so Charming.

A parody on 'As I view those scenes
so charming.

When I play'd those tricks so charming,
With squibs and crackers old Wigsby war-
ming,
In Guy Fawke's and Jacks in boxes
I invested—I invested all my tin,
Guys as ugly still round me grin,
But those days—but those days don't come
again!

Man the bright squibs of childhood spur-
ning,
Other wheels than 'Catherine' turning,
To increase his fortune yearning,
Scheme on scheme sees explode and pass
away—
Worse than ever his fingers burning,
No fun at all, and lots to pay.

Down by the Mill-Stream.

Beautiful streamlet! how precious to me
Were the fields and the wild blossoms
water'd by thee!

I think of thee oft, as thou wert in my youth
And thy ripple still murmurs with freshness
and truth.

Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,
Of thy pouring cascade and thy merry old
mill;

Thou livest in memory, and will not depart,
For the waters seem blent with the streams
of my heart.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the
sun,

When the school-door was op'd, and the
lessons were done;

When 'Where shall we play? was the doubt
and the call,

And 'Down by the mill-stream, was echoed
by all.

How I love the green spot where my fairy
ship laid,

Where the perch, with its golden back slept
in the shade!

How I lov'd the tall rushes that grew by
its side,
And the cress and the lily-cup, kissing its
tide!

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now,
None can remember my voice or my brow,
None can remember the sunny-fac'd child
That play'd by the water-mill, joyous and
wild.

Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,
But the changes that mark'd thee awaken'd
deep pain!

Desolation had reign'd—thou wert not as
of yore—

Home of my childhood! I'll see thee no
more.

Bye-gone Years.

Air—"Bride's Farewell,"

Long an exile, long a ranger,
Say to cheer me thou art come;
Tell me, oh! thou English stranger,
Tell me of my far off home.
Tell me of that little village,
Tho' the tale may cost me tears,
Tell me of my old companions,
Tell me of the bye-gone years.
Tell me, &c.

Tell me not of fame and glory,
All beloved ones, where are they?
Tell me any little story
Of my parents far away;
Speak of those I left in gladness,
Wake cold memory to the past,
Speak nor fear, I'm used to sadness,
Say have they all gone at last!
Tell me, &c.

Tell me of that one I cherish'd,
Sleeps she too, among the dead?
She has gone, then hope has perish
Every tie of life has fled.
Anguish in my bosom aching,
Yet no tear-drop dims my eye,
Tho' I feel my heart-strings breaking,
Still how calmly can I die.

For you have told me of that village
Where my childhood knew no tears,
You have told me of old companions,
You have told me of bye-gone years.